

ert Ingersoll and Emma Goldman is, that the one bred anarchists while professing to be a patriot, and the other bred anarchists while acknowledging her hatred of all institutions human or divine.

Unbelief is behind nearly every if not every crime committed by rational beings. "If he be the king of Israel, let him come down from the cross, and we will believe him." Yes, "we will believe!" Ah, dark as was that crime one week ago last Friday, it was incomparable with the awful tragedy enacted on Golgotha's summit one black Friday long, long ago. One the crime of anarchism; the other the crime of atheism. They are twin brothers, indeed, these two,—one in aim and one in deed. One is as vile and wicked as the other.

In the eighteenth century, France was spending at the rate of 900,000 pounds sterling, per year, scattering the doctrines of atheism. The result was that in the latter part of that century the Bible was suppressed churches became mere monuments of a departed religion, and over the gateways to her cemeteries was inscribed, "Death is an eternal sleep." Ere long hell reigned in her cities. Half the children born were bastards. 1,022, 351 persons were outraged, beheaded, drowned, shot, or slain in some horrible manner, between September, 1792 and December, 1795. Thirteen revolutions followed in quick succession inside of eighty years. Today one third the births in Paris are illegitimate. Ten thousand new born babes have been fished out of the sewers of that city in a single year. Since the French Revolution on an average of two thousand five hundred men and women have been slaughtered in her streets each year. In Paris today are more suicides than in any other city on earth. Atheism, as anarchism, makes men to be regardless of their own lives as well as the lives of others.

Sometimes we, as Sunday School teachers, Christian Endeavorers, and co-laborers in general with Christ, grow discouraged when small results seem to mock our best efforts; but, oh, ye of short vision, if you want to see the results of your present labors tho at awful cost, close up your churches, your Sunday schools, your every society for religious effort, silence your pulpits and your presses for but a few short years and then, if not now, you would know that these present days are not being spent in vain.

But what are you going to do about it? Men talk about driving the Anarchists from our shores, about suppressing the right of free speech, and about stopping foreign immigration,—all of which to me is the veriest nonsense. The first you cannot do, the second would include the atheist as well as the anarchist were justice done and would be the death blow to liberty, while the third would be unchristian. In the very nations where such laws are made and most rigidly enforced—there you will find the strongholds, yea the very breeding swamps of anarchy. What notions! As if you can drive beliefs from

the minds of men at the point of the bayonet! It makes one think of the time when Galileo was placed in the cell of the Inquisition because he declared the sun to be central while the earth revolves around it. In order to regain his liberty, he decided to recant. Dressed in sack cloth he got down upon his knees and swore that he would renounce forever his heretical teaching so "contrary to Holy scriptures." Then rising to his feet he murmured in an undertone the famous words: *E pur si mouve*—"It moves for all that."

Right well do we remember the great excitement caused in our own city only a few months ago, when the police attempted to silence Emma Goldman from speaking—the very woman who Czolgosz says inspired him to commit his awful deed. Right well do we remember the words she used upon one occasion during that time: "It is my nature to be what I am. As long as I live I must be a crusader. What I think, what I feel, I must speak. Not for a hundred, not for five hundred years, perhaps, will the principles of anarchy triumph. But what has that to do with it? 'Is it right?' not, 'Is it hopeless?' is the touchstone of courage and principle."

Great words, those, were they only spoken by the crusader of a better cause. "What I think, what I feel, I must speak." So must every true man. How very important it is then that I should think *truly*, and feel *rightly*. Do not then make me cease to speak. I do not know that you are able to do that But help me to think rightly. Then have you accomplished much.

The truth is, there is but one way to overcome the lawless tendencies of the times. There is but one cure for these diseased minds about us. That cure, the only cure, is belief in God, and in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, His Son. You turn from religion and it is inevitable,—you turn to anarchy.

"That Book," said Andrew Jackson, on his dying bed, pointing to an old family Bible, "That Book is the foundation upon which the Republic rests." He never spake more truly. I remember reading once of an infidel banker and his nephew, who were traveling in the West. One day, far out on the plains, they were overtaken by darkness, and were compelled to lodge for the night, with an uncouth looking old settler, who lived alone in his shanty. Once in bed and asleep, they realized they would be at the mercy of their host. Having considerable money and jewelry with them, it was decided that the young man should sit up until midnight, pistol in hand, and guard the only entrance to the room, while his uncle should sleep. After midnight, the young man was to sleep while the old man went on duty.

No sooner was the old man in bed and asleep, than his nephew, inquisitively peering thru an opening in the partition, saw the plainsman reverently take down an old time worn book,—the Bible, and after reading for some time, he saw him kneel to pray. Into the satchel went the pistol, on to the bed-

post went his clothes, and in a moment he was under the covering beside his old uncle, the banker. "Eh? boy?" said the old gentleman, "twelve o'clock already?" O, no, uncle, but I saw thru a crack the old chap read a nearly worn out Bible, and then he spent some time on his kneecaps out there, like we ought to do, so I reckon things are safe!" "Eh, boy! So? well, I reckon, too. Good night!" A moment more and they fell asleep with all the assurance of a babe on its mother's breast. Yes, I reckon, the old Book makes things safe! and, my friends, that Book (holding up the Bible) is the one and only safe guard of the liberties of any people.

In spite of all the optimistic all's well preachers, things are not all right in the world. You cannot blind men's eyes from the spectres of hunger and want as they stalk thru the land. You cannot stop their ears so that they hear not the voices of suffering and oppression on every side. In spite of our best endeavors, some gnaw crusts, while others eat the fat of the land. Again, we recall the words of Miss Goldman: "If all the world were at peace and happy, and in one small village there lived a man who was a toiling slave, a woman who was suffering, a child condemned to degrading labor, I could know no rest. Anarchists maybe but not necessarily heartless. And as they sit, listening to the cries of human suffering and wrong,—as they ponder why some poor wretches are doomed to live and die in a hovel, while other poor wretches tread heartlessly, the brussels in the palace, they become imbued with the idea, that it is the fault of government, and of the laws that protect property rights, forbidding an equal division of all the fruits of mother earth. If no man owned anything, all men would own all things, and would possess equally. This the Anarchist believes to be right. In order to obtain this right they take the world's own weapons, strike as best they can felling leaders first.

Now, the blinded eyes of these people must be opened to see that human efforts will never still the last sob of misery, nor bring to the last man, justice. They must be lead to see that misery and injustice are results of the natural heart of man, and not the fault of law, or government. That law is necessary because of transgression, and were there no transgression there need be no law. They must be lead to see that the only true road to the Utopia of which they dream was pointed out by the Nazarene, "Ye must be born again." They must be lead to see that suffering is a thing of this present world, reward a thing of a world soon to come; that, here men must weep; there, rejoice. Believing this, they will place less stress upon the material needs of men, and more upon the spiritual. They will not count that man happiest, who dwells in a palace; nor, that man miserable who abides in a lowly cottage. Like Moses, they will esteem "the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures in Egypt." Lazarus will lie on the